

BLUE GRASS BLADE.

EDITED BY A. HEATHEN IN THE INTEREST OF GOOD MORALS.

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Charles C. Moore
Editor



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"MOST VERY REV."
CHARLES C. MOORE.

A letter from St. Louis with the
above superscription comes to hand
containing in the St. Louis Post-Dis-
patch, a full length picture of Rev.
R. A. Torrey, who in a letter to the
Blade, explained to be a "Korean Illinois
Evangelist", who is giving London a
great religious overhaul.

There is no written comment—had
a two cent stamp—except the single
word "seconded", written by some
fellow man or woman, who over-
laidly knew how to shove a pencil. The
account says Torrey hails from Chi-
cago—guess the comment must be
right.

A part of the description of Torrey
is as follows:
"Then his dress smacks in no way
of the evangelist. Upon his well-made
figure hangs a frock coat that the
great Poole might himself have built.
His collar, with its wings, is snowy
white and is encircled by a glossy
satin tie. No wrinkle mars his 'dead
creased' splendor of his trousers, and
the ere rests gratefully upon his trim,
shapely boot."

While Torrey is "over there", the
hand ought to play, all the time, "God
save the Queen", and they ought to
let him beat the band.

DEATH OF BRO. J. M. SMILEY

Dundee, O., Feb. 15, 1905.
Messrs. Moore and Hughes:

My subscription has expired and
I cannot do without the Blade, so I
send in the mon for another year.

On Feb. 1, Mr. James Monroe
Smiley, of this place, died, aged 55.
He was a Liberal and a good citizen,
honest and honorable. I have known
him many years and had many con-
versations with him. He was a great
thinker. I never saw, or heard of,
any wrong that he ever did.
The funeral was conducted by S. R.
Booker, of Dundee, who delivered an
able oration.—W. J. HOSTETTER.

FUNNY OLD MIX UP

Has Editor H. A. Sommers, of The
Elizabethtown (Ky) Something-
or other, Gone into the Sunday
School Lying Business, About
Things That he and I Saw on the
"Mothke" Cruise.

I have received a type written pos-
tal in which I give the word
"separate", just as it is spelled in the
card. It is one of the words that all
half-educated people spell that way.
Something less than 60 years ago I
learned that it was one of the words
we had to watch.

The card runs thusly:
Blue Grass Blade
Lexington, Ky., Feb. 11, 05.

Dear Editor,
I send you under separate (?) cover
a marked copy of our Kentucky Sun-
day School Reporter, containing an
announcement of the eleventh inter-
national Sunday School convention.

This is a matter of great interest to
all churches and Sunday Schools, of
every Denomination in the state, and
I trust you will make announcement of
it, in an early issue of your paper.
May I ask you to send your paper
to me regularly as an exchange? It
would be a great help to me in my
work by keeping me informed of all
Sunday School and other religious
gatherings in your country.—E. A.
FOX, Gen. Secretary.

Endorsed by
H. A. SOMMERS, State Pres-
ident, Elizabethtown, Ky.

I got the copy of "The Kentucky
Sunday School Reporter," before I
did the card. It had on the wrapper,
"Marked Copy."

I looked for the marked place, and
found something about the next meet-
ing being in Toronto, Canada.

The next thing that I struck that
was of any interest started out thusly:

"As we compile the statistical re-
port for 1904 there seems to be a
small loss in the number of Sunday
Schools. Of course we are never able
to get an entirely accurate report
from all countries, but Banner Com-
panies are supposed to gather complete
reports, and even in most of them
there is a falling off."

Small matter, but I was glad to see
it—looked like the Blade was getting
in its work. The only thing in the
"Reporter," that was worth hell-ro-
was headed "Cruise of the Jerusalem
Sunday School Pilgrims."

I see from the papers that some
Sunday School fellow sent over there
from this country, died in Jerusalem
"on Christmas day," but whether it
means the Christmas day that we
have here, on December 25, or the
Christmas Day they have in Jerusa-
lem on January 19, I do not know.
May be he died on both of those
Christmases,—in reading in the Bible
you find that they right frequently
died, over in that country, twice, and
Judas Iscariot died three entirely dif-
ferent ways—hanging, falling and ox-
cart—and I suppose they were all at
different times.

(For the ox-cart death see Apocry-
phal New Testament.)
The "Jerusalem Pilgrim" story was
fairly well told, except from being
told by a Christian, it just had to
have some lie in it. Otherwise it fair-
ly coincided with "Dog Fennel," the
most authentic history of that country,
written by a famous Kentucky divine.
The lie is found in the following
words:

"One of our most delightful expe-
riences was a trip around the walls on
donkeys. On this trip we see the Pool
of Gihon, the Hill of Evil Counsel,
Potters Field, Tree on which Judas
hanged himself, Jacob's Well, Pool of
Siloam, Tomb of Absalom, St. James
and Zachaeus, Virgin's Fountain, Ru-
benson's Arch, and the various valleys
surrounding the city."

It is the fact that the writer claims
to have seen "The tree on which Judas
hanged himself," that is a lie.
Those fellows over there are the most
incredible liars I ever went up
again, except preachers in this coun-
try, but if they have the cheek to say
that that tree is standing there yet,

it's a lie that they have added to their
repertoire since I was there in 1903.

On the other hand our Moltke pair
were shown the place where Judas
Isacariot hung himself, and there was
no tree on it big enough to hold up a
Kansas grass-hopper, and there did
not seem to have been any tree there
in the last 3,600 years—reckon Sobo-
non chopped em all down with his
little George Washington hatchet.

This same H. A. Sommers of Eliza-
bethtown, was the only person from
Kentucky, except myself, who was
on that trip, and he will not dare to
say that any body on that tour saw
what was said to be the tree on which
Judas hung himself.

Sommers was pizen pizen and aired
his piety, once, in the chapel exercise,
on the Moltke; still for all that,
I am not going to say he lied, for I
don't dead sure know that he did,
and, besides he is a pretty big fellow,
and lives here in Kentucky, and those
dam Kentucky Christians will shoot
quick as you can bat your eye.

But I will repeat here, in substance,
what I say about Sommers, in "Dog
Fennel."

Sommers started out on that tour
with one of these durned "Travelers'
Accident Insurance" policies, in his
glad clothes.
At Cairo a party started on ass-back
across a stretch of the Sahara,—
that I always felt like calling Sallie,
for short—to go to Memphis, about 15
miles away.

You know Sallie is all sand, and it's
so soft that you might catch a baby
by the heels and throw it 40 feet, and
let it fall either end up, and a baby
of ordinary pluck would not cry.

Just any old breeze that will up a
kite, will pile that stuff up, use goose
feathers, 40 feet high on old Mrs.
Soblin, (or Miss), Sommers got onto
a durned old jacksaw, with all that
fancy barber work on his legs that I
te. you about in "Dog Fennel."

If you would take off that jacksaw
ears and his bray and turn him off in
grass 3 feet high you couldn't and
him any more than a rabbit—Ken-
tucky rabbit; not Texas jack rabbit;
Lord, no.

When I was down in that Texas
country, debating with that liar Wil-
kinson, I saw jack rabbits that it
would be dangerous to turn out Som-
mers' Cairo jacksaw with the jacks-
aw would run over — jacksaw
and kill him.

They couldn't get along congru-
larly, at all, like poor Billy Breckinridge
and I did when Veach printed Billy's
picture and mine in the Blade, fac-
ing each other, and over some article
that he headed "Two Jacks", and a
whole lot of card playing sinners.

When Sommers got on his little
jacksaw, on the streets, in Cairo—none
of your big St. Louis fair doings, real
thing—and the little old donkey could
not sink in the solid streets,
Sommers with legs bordering on four
feet—that is four feet long, he had
only two feet on the ends of his legs,
like other people—could manage not to
wear out his shoe soles by turning up
his toes a little and you will no-
tice that, on this account, all the Mo-
hammedans shows you see in the pic-
tures, turn up their toes so they will
slide along on the ground nicely when
they are riding these little jacksaws.

But the durned little things are the
pluckiest little devils you ever saw—
got sand in their craws; can't help it;
sets in there every time they go out
on the great Sarah Ann, or Sallie,
every time they bray.

When Sommers got out on the Sa-
harah Ann, and into the sand and the
little jacksaw went down knee-
deep—not to Sommers; the other ox-
—Sommers had to take a tuck in
his legs, like in a growing girl's skirts,
to get to ride at all.

In that shape, Sommers and a
Congregational preacher, named Mar-
shall, started out to have a jacksaw
race.

I can't recall whether Marshall
was riding a jacksaw, camel, ostrich
or elephant or was simply walking
when Sommers proposed a jacksaw
race with him.

Sommers was a dull fellow and
would not have seen any irony in the
last event; but, at any rate, Sommers
made that little donkey do his dam-
nedest, but he was not a sal-
when Sommers proposed a jacksaw
(Mary Mac Lane) and the little don-
key fell down, and Sommers went
between the little jacksaw's ears over
his head, and he got up and took out
a handkerchief as big as that one that

Mark Twain's "Grimes," pulled out
to work on him as he saw Jerusalem,
and Sommers fixed a long sling for
his arm, and he paid an Arab doctor
a handful of money that looked like
a mixture of American counterfeit
nickels and the outlandish coin of
Turkey, that looked like 30 cents and
that Arab doctor, in a lot of
hieroglyphics that looked, for all the
world like those on the obelisk at
Hieroapolis, and that the Devil and
Tom Walker themselves could not
read, wrote by the beard of Moham-
med, that Sommers did not have a
bone in him, from his head to his heels
that was not broken two or three
times and on that fellow's certificate
Sommers carried his arm in that sling
for three or four days to collect from
that "Travelers' Accident Insurance
Company" when he got back to Ken-
tucky and I suppose he collected
more on that policy to pay for his
whole tour—"tower" they call it in
Kentucky where Sommers lives.

I think it was one of these tickets
that the companies give to editors
for advertising them.

Therefore I believe that Jerusalem
Sunday School fellow was lying when
he said he saw the tree on which
Judas hung himself. For I saw the
place where Judas shuffled off this
mortal coil, and there was no tree
there, and durned if I am going to
believe that God himself could make
a tree, since 1903, that would be 1905
years old now.

LIGHTNING

STRIKINGLY DESTROYS A MOST
BEAUTIFUL CHURCH

One of the most striking instances
of God's dealing with churches is his
striking them with lightning. I have
both seen Walter Collins, of Los An-
geles, California, and from a news-
paper reporter, that a stable and
one of the destruction, by lightning,
taken from the Pasadena, California,
church in Pasadena, California.

In one confound them.

The church was the Methodist Epis-
copal, with Rev. Dr. J. C. Elliott at
the throttle. It was the most beau-
tiful in the city and only four years old.

They were holding a protracted—
sometimes called by the ungodly "dis-
tracted"—meeting there and forty
persons had joined Gideon's band.

The O weather and religion seem to
have prevailed together, this winter,
all over the United States. They are
having both of them very bad as I
write in Louisville.

I have not yet heard of the conver-
sion there, of Henry Watterson, or
John T. Walsh.

In the midst of the religious meet-
ing in Pasadena, the lightning, either
of its own free will and accord, or as
managed by God, or the Devil, just
banged away for no reason that
could be seen, and of all the houses
in that town, picked out that church
and hit it, poorer than poor Billy Pat-
erson was hit.

Smoke was seen to come from its
sky piercing steeple, and the fine Fire
Department and the balance of the
town were promptly on hand.

There were fine stained glass win-
dows and elegant carpets, and
fine upholstery, and new opera
chairs, and fearing they would dam-
age these by water they undertook to
extinguish it with their gas engine.

The plous relied on the gas (natura-
lly) and the wicked bent on the fire.
The gas engine would not work
worth a cent, and then they prepared
to use the water engine. Being Mo-
thodists they didn't think much of
water in religious matters.

When they got there with the water
engine it turned out that the screw
on the hose would not fit the one on
the hydrant, and so the people just
stood there and saw the whole church
consumed by the fire, and not another
house was burnt.

Same old story, God is always burn-
ing churches, but never burns a sal-
oon or an infidel lecture hall or pub-
lishing house.

SCHAFFER DIES ON SCAFFOLD.

Washington, Feb. 10.—Auguste L.
Schaffer was hanged in the United
States jail here at 12:07 o'clock to-
day for the murder of his divorced
wife in August, 1903. Schaffer's spiri-
tual adviser announced that the con-
demned man had been repentant for
the last four months.

REV. BAKER ON TRIAL

On Embezzlement Charge Growing
out of Defunct Investment
Company Cases

SPECIAL VENUE TO GET A JURY.

Rev. J. B. Baker is on trial in the
Circuit Court on a charge of embe-
zzlement.

The case was called soon after
court convened and both sides an-
swered ready. The entire morning
session and part of the afternoon
was necessary to empanel a jury of
twenty men were summoned from which
to complete the jury.

Mr. Baker is one of the five men
under indictment for embezzlement
growing out of the alleged misad-
ministration of the officers of the defunct In-
dustrial Mutual Deposit Company. He
was one of the officers and directors
of this concern, which failed for large
amounts.

The indictment charges that the de-
fendant fraudulently appropriated \$500
of the company's surplus fund, which
was paid to him under the guise of a
dividend on stock which had not earned
a dividend.

The above is the beginning of the
account with its headlines, in the Lex-
ington Leader.

The Louisville Courier-Journal con-
tains the following account:

Lexington, Ky., Feb. 16.—The trial
of the Rev. J. H. Baker, a minister of
the Christian church, charged with
embezzlement, is on in the Circuit
Court. The morning session was
occupied in securing a jury, it being
necessary for Judge Parker to call a
special venire.

Rev. Baker is charged with having
taken from the Industrial Mutual De-
posit Company, an incorporated com-
pany of Lexington, of which he was
an officer, \$500 that should have re-
mained in the dividend fund of the
company, because the stock had not
been paid for and could not have earned
a dividend. He is one of about
thirty men indicted for the same
offense. Two of these have already
been tried, the first being Dr. A. P.
Taylor, who was president of the Mu-
tual Deposit Company, and was given
a three years' sentence in the peniten-
tiary, and W. N. Bush, of Winchester,
the jury in his case disagreeing. Dr.
Taylor took his case to the Court of
Appeals, where the verdict of the lower
court was reversed and the case
referred for retrial. Mr. Bush will
also have another trial. The invest-
ment company cases are of long stand-
ing having been on the criminal dock-
et for several years.

In a column in the Leader, over op-
posite the one headed, "Rev. J. H.
Baker on trial," were other headlines,
and the beginning of an account that
ran as follows:

RED HOT TIME.

"AUNT CARRIE" AND ZACHARY
LIVED STRENUOUS LIFE IN
SOUTHWEST

Lexington Apostle of Temperance
Held up by Toughs at Clinton and
Robbed of Prohibition Banner.

Evangelist James W. Zachary, of
this city, and Mrs. Carrie Nation seem
to have had a strenuous and lurid
time of it in Texas and Indian Terri-
tory, where they lectured together.

The next to the last issue of the
"Cospel Searchlight," edited by Rev.
Clayton Grant Wilkinson, the Camp-
bellite preacher with whom I "debat-
ed" in Ryan, Indian Territory, was
principally taken up by writing
"Rev. James W. Zachary," he having
written the "Rev" before his own
name.

Among Wilkinson's large pile of
books that he brought each day to
be used in the debate—real or so-called—
with me, was one called "Moon
and Ingersoll Exposed," having on the
back of it cartoons of Ingersoll and
me, but all fixed to indicate that In-
gersoll was a small potato and few in

a hill, as compared with the world
renowned "Moore," who was really,
the "IT", with a large "I," of the
whole infidel push.

This same Baker and Zachary edit-
ed and published that book together,
and in it they made charges against
Ingersoll, one of which is so obscene
that I cannot even indicate it here.

Zachary and Baker edited, together,
in Lexington, "The Quarterly Chris-
tian," that always had that same car-
toon of Ingersoll and me.

The Christian Standard Campbellite
paper in Cincinnati published that
Zachary was getting money under
false pretenses by the publishing of
that paper, in claiming to be raising
money for a certain missionary in
Armenia. The government suppressed
the publication of "The Christian
Quarterly."

At the same time that Baker was
getting the money for which he is
now being tried, by what they call,
"Investment Companies,"—Baker be-
ing being engaged in one in Lexington
—Zachary was engaged in a similar
one in Mt. Sterling, Ky., and when
Baker was arrested, or about that
time, Zachary disappeared from Ken-
tucky and went out onto the Pacific
coast.

Since that time Zachary has been
advertising in the Lexington Leader
stock that he was selling in gold
mines in Georgia.

There are many people in the In-
dian Territory, Indian and Christian,
who believe that Wilkinson, "Grant"
as they call him, is a big good-heart-
ed, honest, but ignorant fellow. But
I believe—and I want you to watch my
prediction—that if "Grant" continues
to associate with Zachary, "Grant"
will be in the penitentiary inside of
ten years from now. I am an old pen-
itentiary bird, and had a better chance
to know about convicts than any man
who ever lived in America—ask War-
den Coffin—and "Grant," while he
may be, and I hope is, yet innocent
in his own subject, he is a bad
man that gets into the penitentiary.

BWARE OF THE SHINDIG

Brother Frank Zimmerman—Dutch
for carpenter—of Sedot, Wisconsin,
has sent me, for reading and comment
a tract called "Danger in the Dance."
I am getting old and life is too short
to read it and as I never danced a
single step—or "two-step" either—in
my whole life, I am not in shape to
depone on the subject.

If you ever read my book that I
wrote in hoc—no—"in hoc signo
vincens," oh, no—called "Behind the
Bars, 31498,"—for sale at this office,
price \$1.00—you will see how I got
my wife, at a big "Winchester," they
call it now, because she didn't dance
and could dance and a lot of nice fel-
lows would have been delighted to
dance with her. And I believe I tell,
in that same book, how the bells of
the whole—"function," I reckon can't
think of anything else—quit all the
dance and came and sat with me,
youngest fellow in the house, on the
steps and played chess the whole
evening, because I couldn't dance.
Daniel Webster had the honor to re-
semble me in the matter of dancing.

A young swell at an inaugural ball,
who was managing the thing kept in-
sisting on old Dan's dancing. I reck-
on, really, the fact was that old Dan
was too drunk to dance, (Brandy),
but the young fellow finally said to
him "Why, won't you dance, Mr. Web-
ster?" And old Dan whispered to him,
sorter loud like, "I never had the ca-
pacity to learn."

The Bible says "And David did cut
the pigeon wing before the Lord," or
words to that effect, and David and the
Lord were so conversational, and Miriam
and Jephthah's daughter did the "High
land fling," according to Hoyle, and,
from the Bible, I don't see where any
kick comes in about dancing—that is
excepting the kicking that just has to
be done in dancing—excepting that
Reason—that was the reason I couldn't
dance—no kick coming to me.

Marietta, O., Feb. 13.—The First
Congregational Church of this city,
the first church in the Northwest Ter-
ritory, was completely destroyed by
fire early to-day.

The church was built in 1758 and
had been several times remodeled, the
last time three years ago, although
the general structure had always been
maintained. The loss is \$20,000, with
insurance of \$27,000.

REV. ULYSES GRANT WILKINSON

And A. A. Snow, ("The Beautiful")
Of Iowa, (Four Feet Deep) May
Discussion About me Through
The Comanche News, I. T. and
Correspondingly.

Linleville, Iowa, Feb. 9, 05.
Brother Moore,
I am in receipt of a letter from U. G. Wilkinson, and I hereby enclose my reply to it, as it may be of some interest to you.

The correspondence came about my writing to the Comanche News, and asking if it wouldn't be just as convenient to hold a discussion in its columns with Wilkinson as to publish his accounts of the Moore-Wilkinson discussion, in which case I agreed to furnish him a competent disputant.

My letter was handed to Rev. Wilkinson for reply, and on that point, he speaks as follows:

"I must say that I do not care for such a discussion in the Comanche News, neither would the editor permit it, for it is only a local paper and does not reach the people who would be interested in such a discussion."

I asked the Comanche News to publish the proposition I made it, but have no reply as to that. Wilkinson writes quite a lengthy letter in which he says, "As for the East of the Mississippi, C. C. Moore is the only one who had the courage to come here for a debate and he was so badly licked that his people here would not pit him against a school boy any more. He is not to be compared to Welch. I refer to you to N. P. Grayson, H. A. Hinton, Linwood L. T. and all who are infidels, who attended the debate, as to whether I have stated the truth or not."

Write to the postmaster of Ryan, I. T., about the Blade subscribers refusing to take it from the office, since the debate, if you care to investigate the matter. All I know is what he voluntarily told me, I did not ask him for the information even. He is a nice man, and will tell you the truth. I could put these things all before the Blade readers and this is what Moore knows. Write H. G. Morris, of Woolsey, I. T., and ask Moore, and see if he has not quit Moore's paper because he has failed to make good his claims.

There are many others, but this is enough. There is nothing in Moore, but bluster and bragado. I expect when I get ready, to thoroughly thrash him and his friends.

When he has his papers all laid aside that I have been able to secure—some I have never seen at all. When the proper time comes I will take them up and refer to them by numbers, and show where he has agreed that if he did not convert me he would turn the Blade to a Christian paper, etc., etc.

Very truly,
A. A. SNOW.

Following is a copy of the letter of brother Snow to Wilkinson.

Linleville Ia. Feb. 8, 05.
Route 2
U. G. Wilkinson
Comanche, I. T.

Dear Sir—I am in receipt of yours of 15th instant. I am sorry to learn that the readers of the Comanche News, can be interested in your account of a debate with an infidel, but would not be interested in a discussion where they would surely know that both sides were fairly represented.

But, perhaps, if we are Christians, in which case you might do wrong in giving them an opportunity of hearing the other side. You might lose some of them without being able to gain anything. They need consolation, but not argument.

I note this in view of the fact that you correct me when I say "You are the only preacher I know of who wished both sides of the question discussed."

But even you say a preacher may do wrong in debating with an infidel before an audience composed of Christians. Then of course, every Christian that reads such a debate—he being Christian, and no part infidel, is doing wrong, being in danger of losing his soul without any chance of any gain. This I read in your letter without reading between the lines. It is wicked, then, for Christians to read infidel literature. It is wicked for them to read anything that might lead to infidelity, and science has tens of thousands that way.

What would you think of scientists who would refuse to discuss scientific subjects, except before some skeptical audiences, lest he might have converts to lose?

The Christian church is, and always has been, opposed to free speech and I am afraid U. G. Wilkinson is not absolutely an exception. The Catholic priest frequently says "Get all the Protestants to come out to hear me that you can, but don't do them listen

to them." I am glad I am free and have no chains. "He that doubteth is damned," never rings in my ears when I listen to evidence for any faith. The man who poisoned his wife said: "I want no investigation." A religion that believes not in free speech; believes not in progress.

A religion that believes unbelievers shall be damned, believes not in free speech.

An opinion cannot be free when we are to be damned for it, or an opposite. Paul said: "Prove all things." This Paul thought was all right when the proof was coming his way; but when he thought it was going for any other way he said: "He that preaches any other gospel, let him be anathematized."

Both Paul and the Old Testament laid the foundation of the inquisition. Those who put Jesus to death were following the laws of Moses in so doing. Now could not the News accept a discussion of only a column each week?

But, as to your debate with Mr. Moore, though I know nothing about it, supposing he was whipped in the debate, having overestimated his powers as a debater, or under estimated yours, may a good writer, as we know Mr. Moore is, be badly fooled in his own opinion of himself, on meeting an experienced opponent for the first time.

I expected one of you two fellows to be fooled. Supposing that Moore's followers had turned against him, as you aver, would not that desertion, on their part show a greater weakness than they could claim for Moore?

Would their cause die when Moore dies?

When Jesus' miraculous powers failed to deliver him from his enemies it is said he was forsaken by his followers, though they afterwards rallied under the absurd pretense that God had a hand in the conspiracy.

If Moore was victorious by such weaklings as you claim, I would very much doubt whether they had sufficient strength of mind to know what good argument was. Priests have always favored free speech when they were the speakers.

Now don't infer that I think you are just a little the opposite of free speech because you are not always willing to debate with an infidel, but because you think it is a little dangerous for the Christians to hear such.

You have the "first catch em then hold em" idea of salvation.

When a man escapes hell he can't go any more. His only room for movement is in a downward direction.

Any agitation is unable at any moment, to let the fish, after once caught, ally back into the water. Well, that is sound orthodox.

Talmage, and hundreds of others, advised their hearers not to read infidel literature, nor to ever allow a doubt to be entertained in their minds for a moment.—A. A. SNOW.

I think the two letters are of very great interest and hope that all persons who are interested in the contention between infidelity and Christianity, and who may see, or know of this will do all they can to circulate this issue of the Blade.

Copies of it in packages of five or more will be sent to any address for one cent each paper, or will be mailed, as ordered, in separate wrappings for two cents for each paper. It is quite common for newspapers, and especially small papers in small towns, to have a local patronage, as is the case with the Comanche News, to publish the Christian side of an issue, like this, and decline to publish the infidel side of it.

This is because the editors and the patrons of such papers are not generally so intelligent as the editors and patrons of metropolitan papers.

Many of our largest newspapers print each side of the religious issue, dispassionately, and print infidel editorials and our very finest American Magazines are printing the very finest of infidel articles.

In fact to such an extent is this true that while all true infidels are of course, glad to see it, so much infidel literature is being printed in books, magazines and metropolitan papers by persons who are not professional infidel propagandists, that they most seriously embarrass the work of the professionals, by "battering in," and, with their enormous facilities, furnishing a higher article of infidel literature than we professional infidel propagandists can possibly do win.

Not an official card, I have only sent from a party—who asked me in a very kind manner, to discontinue the Blade to him as he had become a Christian, and I printed his card, in full, in the Blade, with a kind comment upon it.

Just as I began to write this piece I stopped to the telephone to call up Mr. Hughes, my purpose being to ask him about the alleged discontinuances of the Blade at Ryan. The phone was answered by his book-keeper. She said Mr. Hughes was in Mr. Sterling, and would not be in to-day. She is an ex-

perienced book-keeper, and opens all the mail for the Blade, and of course she has business to know about discontinuances.

In answer to my question she said she knew of no discontinuances at Ryan, unless they were such as Mr. Hughes had discontinued because they were two or three years in arrears, and that we had a package of Blades that go to subscribers in Ryan.

Mr. Wilkinson has previously made this same statement in writing—I think to the Comanche News.

I hope in the parties in Ryan, I will investigate this matter and report to me, for publication in the Blade, and I hope that all parties whose names are mentioned in either of the above letters will write me, for publication in the Blade, plain statements of the influence of my presence in Ryan.

It seems to me that Mr. Wilkinson ought to be somewhat "in a hurry" to expose me, as he is a preacher and I am an infidel editor who am every week issuing a paper against his religion. Having the influence of my presence in Ryan, it would have been a good point, if he had given my language, and the date of the Blade in which, according to him, I said I would "turn the Blade to a Christian paper" if I did not convert him.

I do not know of ever having said anything even approximately resembling that and think you will never hear him quote it.

As to Mr. Wilkinson's alleged desire to further the debate with me the following are the facts:

When I left him at Ryan, I most earnestly asked him to come to Lexington, and here, debate with me the same questions that we debated in Ryan.

I have since asked him through the Blade to come to Lexington, and debate with me these same questions.

He has not yet come, and cannot afford to spend \$50.00 for such a purpose, I think he allowed it to a "wild goose chase." I renew my request for him to come to Lexington for this debate.

If, he being a preacher and a lawyer, cannot personally, and with the assistance of his friends, raise \$50 to come to Lexington, that ends it. I am not going to pay him to come here. No Christian gave a cent so far as I knew, to pay my expenses to Ryan.

TOMAS PAINE'S PATRIOTIC SERVICES.

Editor The News:
Your editorial in your issue of the 1st upon the "Anniversary of Thomas Paine" was a just tribute to one of the brightest stars in our revolutionary galaxy of great men. Thomas Paine did as much for the cause of the colonies as any man living in the days of patriotic and heroic struggles.

"Common Sense," the "Crises" and "The Rights of Men" are contributions to the literature of the world that will live as long as mankind loves freedom of thought, freedom of inquiry and freedom of speech.

The pen of Thomas Paine did as much for the cause of American liberty as the sword of Washington. Paine's courageous spirit was to the struggling colonies a pillar of fire by day and a cloud by night. The revolutionary soldier as he read by the bivouac fire, hungry, ragged and sore-footed, squelched the spirit of mutiny.

He was the best friend and best champion in the world, I some how covet the rest of old Brother Green and his wife, and Watson Heston, and want to go to eternal sleep beside my curly headed girl, in the Lexington cemetery, but a letter like that makes things look brighter, and takes a whole lot off my heart that younger people cannot understand, and I hope that your "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man will avail much." Many other happy useful years to you!

"PHYSICIAN HEAL THYSELF."

Through one of the most distinguished tenets of Dowle's church is that of the miraculous healing of the sick. It is a fact that among Dowle's own people Deacon Stern is dead. Mr. Overseer Scribner is dead. Mrs. Dowle is in bad shape and old Dowle himself, has gone South for his health.

I used to have a brother-in-law, who was a doctor. He got sick and did not take and medicine. I asked him why he didn't, and he said "I keep my medicine for other people."

Dowle's style of curing by faith seems to be "for the other people."

Strict Sabbatarians ought to be glad to know that there is a Lord's Day celebrated all the week round. The Greeks observe on Monday, the Persians Tuesday, the Assyrians Wednesday, the Egyptians Thursday, the Turks Friday, the Jews Saturday, the Christians Sunday.—Louisville Herald.

I said in "Dog Fennel" that when it has always been a contradiction

in term that the man who constituted the Sabbath, in his own mind, was the foundation of a government, predicted on the separation of church and state, should have been denied for a hundred years the credit he deserves in statecraft because of his religious opinions.

If anything could reconcile the orthodox to look with any degree of respect upon such a man as Tom Paine, surely it would be the thought that liberty was the inspiring motive, even of his religious views.

Certainly we should be able, at this late day, to rise superior to his religious views and think of him as a patriotic citizen who contributed his splendid talents toward the foundation of the republic.

The above letter and the editorial comment on it, appeared the Atlanta News of February 10.

The first time I was ever in Atlanta, I was about twenty-five years ago. I was there on business, and was talking to the two proprietors of probably the largest wholesale grocery firm in the town.

When we had attended to business I was curious to test them on religious matters and made a fairly conservative infidel remark.

There was no one present but us three. Either of the two men was as big and strong as I was. They both seemed to resent what I said so deeply that it looked almost as if they might attack me for it.

Then one of them said to me, "You can talk that way in here and be safe, but if you talk that way on the street, here, you will be in danger."

My stay in that room was not protracted.

Now a citizen of that country and an editor climbs in one of Atlanta's fine papers, to compliment Tom Paine and I have not heard of either of them being killed for it, and that, too, in the state where the Rev. Sam Jones holds forth—or did hold forth, he does not hear of his these times.

Rev. Jasper may well say "De world do more."

"LET US PRAY"

That Charles C. Moore May be Preserved in Good Health for Many Years.

Vienna, Chicago, Feb. 13, 05

Dear Mr. Moore,

It is not often that I am in the congratulating business.

The Blade—beside being now the size, is, in its latest issue, full of points and facts, with extremely interesting way of saying it.

You are like wine, the older you get, the better, and more interesting you grow. I am 72 and of course in the regular probabilities, am apt to be cut down, any day, but you and I may live many years to resist and show up the machinations of priestcraft.

It is more important that you live long to labor for good than I, because you are much better qualified. To Independent Free thought people, woman and man, let us pray, that Charles C. Moore may be preserved in good health, for many years.—W. W. WALLACE.

There are times though not so frequent now as formerly, my dear, dear doubly-dead old brother, when even he is the best friend and best champion in the world, I some how covet the rest of old Brother Green and his wife, and Watson Heston, and want to go to eternal sleep beside my curly headed girl, in the Lexington cemetery, but a letter like that makes things look brighter, and takes a whole lot off my heart that younger people cannot understand, and I hope that your "effectual fervent prayer of a righteous man will avail much." Many other happy useful years to you!

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we were on the Molitke tour we had three Sabbath, Mohammedan, Jewish and Christian, and that we compromised by not keeping any of them, but I recall that I failed to mention two of the Sabbaths that we had—the Greeks on Monday and the Egyptians on Tuesday.

We were among Syrians, but not Assyrians.

CLERGY ARRESTED ON CHARGE OF RAISING BILLS IN THE MIDST OF HIS REVIVAL.

Huntington, W. Va., Feb. 13.—Rev. Washington Hager, Baptist minister of Hagerly, was arrested here to-day, charged with passing two dollar bills that had been raised to him. He was engaged in conducting a revival meeting at Big Ugly Creek when the arrest was made.

TRUTH BEATS FICTION.

I have been at many of the most famous graves in America, Europe, Asia and Africa.

I have taken off my hat at some of them simply because I knew the guards would take it off for me if I did not. But at only two of the world's famous graves have I ever taken off my hat because I wanted to do so. The first time, was in 1865, at Rowen, in France, where Joan of Arc was burned at the stake by the Catholic church, under the charge of being a witch, and the other time was at the grave of Tom Paine, at New Rochelle in New York. Now the Catholic Church is canonizing Joan, and she will soon be known as Saint Joan of Arc. Funny old world ain't it!

KENTUCKY CHRISTIAN TO BE HUNG.

Boy Green—not colored, white—is to be hung in Owensboro, Ky., on Friday, February 17.

Mr. Green's spiritual adviser is Rev. J. D. Hocker, Baptist, and to him Col. Green has confessed the crime with which he is charged. He killed a m. named Coomes, for \$25.00 he had in his pocket.

Green says some whisky that Coomes gave him, made him crazy. They ought to make better whisky in Kentucky.

"The Bible for Children," lately issued by the Century Co., is recommended by the "publishers," among other reasons because it omits "such parts as parents are apt to omit when reading aloud to their children."

FAMOUS FRUIT LANDS

Of the East Texas Country.

Home of the Elberta peach, the strawberry, plum, pear, tomato and other fruits and vegetables. Big money in growing for the northern markets.

On February 7th and 21st, March 7th and 21st, round trip home-seekers' tickets from St. Louis, Thebes, Cairo or Memphis to Texas points at rate of one fare plus \$2 not exceeding \$15.

One way colonist tickets at half fare, plus \$2 on February 21st and March 21st.

Write for booklets on Texas fruit lands, maps and time table.

L. O. SCHARFFER, T. P. A., Cotton Belt Route, Cincinnati, O.

A Good Route to Try

FRISCO ROUTE

It traverses a territory rich in undeveloped resources; a territory containing unlimited possibilities for agriculture, horticulture, stock raising, mining and manufacturing. And last, but not least, it is

The Scenic Route for Tourists.

The Frisco System now offers the traveling public excellent service and fast time—

Between St. Louis and Kansas City and points in Missouri, Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the Southwest.

Between Kansas City and points in Tennessee, Alabama, Mississippi, Georgia, Florida and the Southeast.

Between Birmingham and Memphis and points in Kansas, Arkansas, Oklahoma, Indian Territory, Texas and the West and Southwest.

Full information as to route and rates cheerfully furnished upon application to any representative of the Company, or to

Passenger Traffic Department, Commercial Building, Saint Louis.

THAT 5,000,000

You have probably seen the statement of R. G. Wright—some where in the far West—that under conditions that he thinks the Blade might have 5,000,000 subscribers. There is nothing too strange to take place now, especially in the department of religion. Russia the greatest Christian power on earth will be conquered by an atheistic nation in such a way as to show that Infidels are wiser and better people than Christians, and the whole Christian religion is tottering to its fall.

You may say, if you please that I am boastful of the achievements of this little paper, but just as when I was a preacher, you cannot say I am actuated by any selfish motives.

I believe that any fair man or woman will say that the Blade has furnished Infidel literature as good as the best and not merely cheaper, but immensely cheaper, than has ever come from any publishing house in the world, and I am proposing now to make it, in club rates still cheaper.

To this time the single copy has been \$1.00 a year, and our only club rate 50 cents a year in clubs of 5 or more, and now we are going to send it at 40 cents a year in clubs of 10 or more—that is at a little over one-eighth of the cost of any of our other Infidel papers of its size and merit.

Who you have read it can tell just as well as I can, what the people think about it from their letters I print their names and addresses and any of you could detect me in any misrepresentation. There may be other Infidel publications that would suit you better than the Blade does, even at several times the price of the Blade, or you might take the Blade, and take one or more of the others too. I want you all to inform yourselves on this point. Send for sample copies of some or all of the others, and see how you like them and then act accordingly, and to assist you in this investment, I will here say that I will print the terms of any Infidel paper that asks me to do so, of course without any charge. I mean by this such publication as all Infidel publications recognize as being solely Infidel publications. It seems to me to be true, as far as I can be dispassionate in the matter, that the Blade is the only Infidel publication in the world that stands any show ever to attain a circulation of say 10,000.

Once there was a little boy and his Sunday-School teacher asked him "Who made you?" and he said "God made me when I was about a foot high, and I grew all the rest myself."

I believe if those who are enthusiasts of the Blade—though they don't say like Brother Greenhill, that it is ten times as good—as any of the others—will make a fairly "strenuous combined effort" they can raise the circulation of this paper to 50,000 as Bro. Wright suggests, and then I feel almost sure that I could "grow all the rest myself" up to 250,000.

Can't we make this now a subject of special effort? I simply ask you to do what you recognize in yourselves, each one for himself or herself, that you are abundantly able to do. Some read sacrifice, now and then it is a good cause is good for us and makes us happier and better, but I don't ask any more, make any real sacrifice for the Blade.

The cause of Infidelity is the greatest of all the causes in the world. We cannot have anything good until vile superstition, the Christian religion, are conquered and suppressed. The land is simply rampart with crime, practically all of it being committed by Christians, priests, and preachers being in proportion to their number, the vilest people on earth, practicing every crime known to the statutes of any and of all our states, and teaching lying and hypocrisy to the people until C. P. Williamson, Campbellite preacher, and president of a female college said in Lexington a week ago, that Christian officers of the law could not be trusted to keep their oaths.

Christianity, wherever it goes fills the country with war and liquor drinking and violence and doing anything to get money, all of which deeds criminals are plainly taught by Jesus Christ. There are in America alone 150,000 of the lying hypocritical pampered vagabonds who preach this religion solely, and soundly, for money; and teach that to believe their superstition is worth more than the practice of morals, and we can never be a free and happy people until these lying impostors are driven out, and the land driven out of France and Italy, two countries that have seen and know these villains for centuries.

Of course we must all try to be personally, not merely good citizens but we must be good men and women our lives showing that in our own homes and among our neighbors, but it is the height of folly to attempt any great and public good, until Christianity, the greatest enemy of morals, is destroyed. We are simply wasting our time and energy and money to be monkeying with any or all of the isms and fads that are growing up and falling down, all the time, like Jonah's joined in an effort to advance the human race.

If I mention any one of these there are people who call themselves Infidels that will flame up and get mad and act like spoiled children because I have hurt their feelings by an insinuation against something which has no moral quality in it, and in which they are co-operating with the Christians, and which intelligence ought to tell them will have passed away and been forgotten in ten years from now.

Ten years ago, if I had said anything about Bryan's 16 to 1 doctrine I would morally have offended a woman who has been a very great friend to our cause. I believed just as she did, but never said anything about it, one way or the other, and now, so thoroughly has that had been forgotten, that of the people who read this about one of ten can recall what 16 to 1 means, and most people would think I meant one Mormon having 16 wives or one Methodist or Campbellite preacher having 16 converts.

In the same way, in a few years more, any and all of these fads about which some Infidels are buying themselves now will have gone and have been forgotten, and a new job lot of them will be on the market, certain ones of which will be picked out by different Infidels and proclaimed as the king-cure-alls for all the evils of life.

All of that kind of Infidels have still so much of their old Christian roaring in them that it is hard to reason with them, and we will just have to let them go on with their fads until they develop into something one way or the other, and we who have determined to stick to the old fight against preachers and religion will simply have to increase our zeal, and make more sacrifice and work harder, and be, personally, better men and better women.

This paper stands for nothing but opposition to religion and for higher and better lives.

I enjoy immensely seeing the expressions of the people from all the world and from all classes against this great superstition, and it hurts me to think of what a mere handful, comparatively, can read these letters.

Can't we all who are real true friends of the Blade, join in a discussion of this matter for print in the Blade, and let us see thoroughly what can be done about it even if it occupies the most of three or four issues of the Blade.

I have tried this same thing several times before and have not succeeded in eliciting any special interest, and it has simply afforded an opportunity for some only professed friends of the Blade to write me letters saying that I am "all the time begging," when they know that, "financially," it is not a cent of profit to me. That kind as now write to me just as much as they want, but their letters will not appear in the Blade and all of these outside issues and crank letters will be left out of any letters that may be good otherwise.

I do not ask you to give one single cent to assist the paper. I only ask you to pay for its circulation in proportion to your means, if you are not already doing that. If you are already doing your share write me a short letter about it, any how.

If you cannot pay for any more Blades, at the present rates a year, possibly, you can send a few cents—less than five—for Blades at a cent each to be sent to any one address or at two cents each, to be sent in separate wrappers to any address in America.

When you send for these it will be the understanding that we will send any issue or issues that you order if we have them, and that if we do not have them we will make up the number in others, as we think you would prefer or as would be most possible for us.

I want to give this one more thorough trial—more thorough than I have ever done—and then, I see clearly that I cannot write at all, if the chances are that I would never again try it during the balance of my days.

I do not expect to be much disappointed or hurt in my feelings if this fails to elicit any interest, and I shall remember that this little paper has had many expressions of kindness for it, in all conceivable ways, but some-

how, I have long had an idea that some day before I die, this little paper would make it one of the wonders of this country.

It would only be in keeping with my strange life, up to this date that it should do so.

Just think what a stir it would create in religious circles to know that this paper which has brought so much outrage and injustice upon it's editor had attained a circulation of 100,000. It would, I believe be the greatest influence that the world ever saw, Ingersoll and Haeckel an, even Paine not excepted.

I suppose it will hardly be possible for any zealous opponent of Christianity to escape Christian hate and malignity, and probably in time, I will come in for my share, but many of you, who read this will believe that up to this time, when I am in my 68 year, no man or woman of any standing has ever attacked my character as a moralist.

I may not come up to my own standard of manhood and am not an example of my own ideals, but while I am living and the facts of my life are all easily obtainable, you can see that while I am continually attacking Christians and especially preachers, no man or woman attempts to retaliate by exposing any immorality in my life.

Write me about this please, and tell me what you think about it. All I if you don't think it is worth discussing, I will just drop it, and you will probably never hear any more from me on this subject.

In answer to this there will be many who will say that the thing for me to do is to make a good paper, and that it will then go on its own merits. That is partly true and yet every man who will say that will go and man who will say that he may have for sale and will say in his advertisement that it is the best kind of an article, which may, or may not, be true.

But he will, all the same, advertise it even when he knows it is the best kind of an article.

In the same way advertising will help the Blade even if it were known to be the best newspaper in the world, and, I am simply asking you to help me to advertise it.

I am going to try to make the best Infidel publication in the whole world to make it at the lowest rates that any publications of that sort would ever offered for, and I want you to help me in this.

If I were begging you to send me money to do it, it would be another thing. But I don't get any of the money that comes to this paper, and I don't want any of it.

I have no money myself, but I am not dependent, and I simply want you to pay—not give this money to Mr. Hughes for printing for the Infidel cause—pure Infidelity; no politics; no fads—the cheapest Infidel literature that the world ever saw.

Any way let me hear from you.

REV. FRANK TALMAGE ON SUICIDE

"First, I charged Athelism with the chief responsibility for the crime. Self-murder is the hideous, black-visaged executioner of the merciless monster we call Athelism, Atheism, Infidelity. It is the old slimy serpent coiled up under the overshadowing branches of the gnarled and worm-eaten tree of unbelief, at the foot of which sits the grinning, bearded ghoul, Misery, crooning a dirge for a lullaby. It is the death reaper of a human being whose parched lips have been set to rim of the chalice filled with the scorching, poisonous concoction of blasphemy and falsehood compounded by a Voltaire, a Rousseau, Thomas Paine, or a Robert G. Ingersoll. It is the whetstone, wet with human blood, upon which the moral sensibilities can be blunted and at the same time the outside's knife sharpened, for it teaches immoral man that there is no hereafter, and that he is responsible for his life's action to no divine maker and King."

The above is from a recent sermon of the Rev. Frank DeWitt Talmage. He talks very much as if he had opened a barrel of his father's old sermons that gave us "that third feeling" even as delivered by the old man, and they are not liable to be any more stimulating, for moral or intellectual purposes, when varnished over, three cold times, by the son.

I am afraid Frank's frankness is mostly in name.

As a money-getting method his present one may be a success—probably is—but if he has any ambition for fame, and to live among the leaders of thought, he ought to remember that some years prior to his father's death it was a continual struggle for the elder Talmage to keep himself in the public eye, and that he

moved about, from pillow to post, suggestive of one of Noah's birds—the black one—finding no place to rest where the people seemed anxious to have him rest. In fact they seemed to say to him: "Give us a rest."

While the name and sayings of the elder Talmage once appeared to newspaper readers every day; it is a fact that we hardly ever hear of him now.

He and Sam Jones were, a few years ago, abstracted upon the public attention, continually, and laughs at the "funny things" that Sam said were words of daily occurrence.

Now the name of Sam Jones is almost unknown to the newspapers, and before long, the papers will report that Sam has died, and in a few days more, Sam will have passed almost entirely from the memory of men.

If young Talmage courts lasting fame it would probably be better for him not to preach so much like his father.

Ingersoll was witty, but I never have been one of his worshippers. He lived too easily and made too little sacrifice for others, but any discerning man can see that while the elder Talmage is now almost forgotten, and Sam Jones is forgotten even before he died, the name of Ingersoll, even by his detractors, is becoming embalmed with those of Voltaire, Rousseau and Paine and Frank Talmage the Christian preacher, will contribute to the perpetuation of the fame of Ingersoll, just as much as if he were an Infidel propagandist.

If Frank Talmage were to die today, his announcement, in the papers, would make many people know for the first time, or merely recall, the fact that Dr. DeWitt Talmage, the once famous preacher, had a son, who was "a good preacher—suggesting the political candidate who 'also ran,' and the scriptural expression 'He made the stars also.'"

There is a good opening for a career for Frank Talmage, but not along the lines he is now running. He ought to know that exact duplicates of Shakespeare and Ingersoll could not be produced. Ingersoll even to compete with Mary Mac Lane of Butte, Montana.

Every man is "nothing if not original."

If Frank Talmage would, right now square off, stop the frenzied and strenuous style of his father, that had cloyed on the public taste and appetite and become a modest, moderate, plain speech, as has been common among great men—Beecher and Macaulay—and show by his words and his deeds that he really wants to make the world happier by making it better, he could do a great and valuable work and make himself a name. But as it is now, he always suggests "Bismarck at a snail and swallow a camel."

(My father used to tell of one of his young school companions, who in reading class, and getting it out with difficulty, would at a time, read it "Strain at a gate and swallow a sawmill.")

Somebody send the man a marked copy of this "A wink is just as good as a nod to a blind horse."

I distinguished preacher—you will find it some where in the Blade—has recently taken the position that suicide, under some circumstances, is not wrong. Of course it is not. What could be more beautiful and pathetic than the suicide, in each other's arms, heart to heart, of our old brother and sister Green in Chicago.

The world is better and purer and happier for their having done it, and no human being on the whole earth was harmed by it, except the suffering that we all must feel for the sorrow that made them do it.

Infidelity has not been set back by it.

On the other hand it was the grandest answer the world ever heard, to the Christian contention that Infidel death-beds are scenes of horror.

Ingersoll was the most distinguished apologist for suicide, but the smile on his face when his last word, "Better," was spoken to his loving wife "the one woman for the one man"—will forever answer, a thousand times over, Frank Talmage's threadbare "straining" at "gates" and sawmills—another Don Quixote with a new brand of mills to charge on—to show that Infidelity makes suicides.

In the meantime Blade readers will please send in, to me, all reported cases of suicides, where the religious opinions of the parties are given.

Each fellow "shiny on his own side" let the Infidels look out for Christian suicides, and the Christians look out for Infidel suicides and we will find out about this thing—but don't forget some of you—especially some of you Los Angeles fellows—sounds mighty like Los Angeles—to

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LA GRANGE, ILL.

Send Frank a marked copy of this, drop him a little note too and get him to send me newspaper clippings about Infidel suicides.

Bro. Groh will please notice that Talmage thinks Infidelity simply means "unbelief."

"HEAVEN AND EARTH MAY PASS AWAY BUT THE B. G. B. SHALL NOT."

Upland, Ind., Feb. 2, 05.

Friend Hughes—I send you names of those who pay, and those who will not. The truth of the matter is the haven of C. O. P. politics, and holy smoke have penetrated their cuticles until you can't tell one from the other and some of ours are just as slippery as the Lord's anointed.

The leather grinded angels and the devil have been tussling for first place the past month at University place, where they would sky-photos from the skimmings gathered by the M. E. church. On February 5th, the Methodists will dedicate their \$13,000 church and cold as it is up here, hell will be at high tide, and the fumes of green grass, sulphur and foam will doubtless rise in geyzers, bubbles in perpendicular height, and fill the Western hemisphere with vile odorous stench of burning bones as a vindication of Satan's existence.

Such a scrapping together in divers ways of the filthy here, for months past, has been enough to fledge the penitent lambs to the bone, and 'twould seem little left to condone their innard cravings to satiate their mortal appetites.

Saint and sinners alike have been entrained to cough up "For the Master's cause."

Poor hard working wash women are used to contribute their dimes for a "Lord Bless You, Sister."

Great and small, old and young have all been up against the graft, and if any unwary pilgrim, or knight of the grip, has not been collared for a gift, has not been heard from by the "If the financial condition of the village does not burst its bands and go broke, it will certainly be on the verge of it, with thousands of dollars to stand off by mechanics' liens, if some folk taker can't be found to risk the deuces for the son of a ghost that dopes and suckers may always get their innards. Below find \$ \$ \$ for persons who stand pat on their convictions.

Heaven and earth may pass away but the B. G. B. shall not.—I. M. MILLER.

M. GRIER KIDDER, Tells of a High Lonesome That he Had With Rev. Bob Burdette. San Francisco, Cal. Feb. 10, 05.

Mr. C. C. Moore. My Brother—The first, last and only time I ever met Robt. J. Burdette, was in the 80's in New London, Connecticut.

He and I were both drunk, but I was sober next day, and he wasn't. I am surprised at his present penchant for water.

He was a good fellow in liquor—I don't know how he is in water. I was pleased with one remark: "Before I got too drunk I am going to send a present to my wife: she is the best woman on earth."

I thought that a sober husband would be the most acceptable gift, but I reserved my suggestion. He was very good company, and the drunker he got, the more he seemed to improve. He seemed to think the same of me. Before morning we both graduated into perfection.

If he follows the hydropathic cure for alcoholism as assiduously as he did the alcohol route for hydropathy, he will die of water on the brain!

I hope you are well, Adieu! my pretty gazelle.—M. Grier Kidder.



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I had a very pleasant sojourn in Hartford, Connecticut in about 1859.

and Dr. Wilson's late message is, in my estimation, a good one to begin with. As you doubtless know, I remitted for 100 copies more or less, of the Blade, at the time it appeared, as it seemed to me it ought to have a wide circulation. Every one who reads it within the circle of my friends, is

to Tom and his girl, that he, the said Smith, party of the first part, would pay unto the said Tom and his girl, parties of the second, \$10,000, in the coin of the realm, or such as was legal tender in Kentucky—it was before the war—immediately upon the birth of each child that should be born unto

ing, like another Volney, among the ruins of our new-old capitol, in that capitals—note the o and the a—and will pause to ruminate, "What kind of whisky did those damfools use on that day, anyhow?"

Send in a club of five for Blad.